

## PUBLIC FLOCKS TO HEAR WAGNER

Herr Director Alfred Hertz Is Greeted with Vociferous Acclaim, as Are the Artists Who Assist.

### FIRST NIGHT OF TRILOGY.

Sincerity and Co-Operation Predominated and the Stage Management Was Exceptionally Competent. There Being but One Slight Hitch

Somebody forgot to fumigate the Metropolitan Opera House after the French Benevolent Society's benefit performance and the bacilli of Gallic enthusiasm left floating about the place inoculated the Wagnerites who flocked to last evening's presentation of "Die Walkure." Bacteriologists may not allow the efficacy of the Gallic germ on Teutonic tissue, but some explanation must be vouchsafed for the vociferous acclaim awarded Herr Director Alfred Hertz and the artists who assisted in the presentation of the first part of the Trilogy.

"Walkure" has been presented with greater individual casts than that concerned in last night's production and with less happy effect. A spirit of enthusiasm which emanated from the conductor's desk imbued singers and orchestra. There was no working at cross purposes, no overbalancing of effects. Sincerity and co-operation predominated and thereto was a fine sense of subordination to the master hand wielding the baton. And finally the stage management was exceptionally competent. A slight hitch in the final flight of the Valkyries was the only flaw in the succession of stage pictures.

**A Continuous Ovation.**  
The audience was not slow to realize who was responsible for the excellent ensemble and Director Hertz enjoyed a continuous ovation. He beamed through his beard at the salvos of applause and forgot all about recent chop-house resignations.

George Anthes was practically the only new member of the cast. His Siegmund is perhaps the best thing he has done so far, and yet it falls exceedingly short of Metropolitan standards. Neither in physique nor pose does he embody the heroic characteristics of the Volung. His intonation was correct, and his tone production pleasing, though at times it lacked breadth.

In the narration to Siegmund and Hunding he was direct, but hardly dramatic. Still, he was impressive in voice and action in the reclaiming of the sword. And thanks be to Herr Anthes for singing the "Spring Song," though the hide-bound Wagnerites will hardly forgive him for not declaiming it. The lyric manner was strikingly predominant in his work, so much so that he more than once fractured all Wagnerian traditions by singing to the gallery in the manner of the veriest Neapolitan.

**Nordica's New Costume.**  
Mme. Nordica acquired a new Brunhilde costume during her sojourn abroad, but no continental mannerisms. Her interpretation has its former picturesque tenderness, her voice the lovely quality so well remembered.

Traces of her recent indisposition still remain, for there was hardly the old plenitude of tone in her Valkyrie cry, and the brilliancy of her upper tones is still lacking. Mme. Nordica, an ideal Siegmund, was in exquisite voice, and acted with her accustomed spirit and intelligence. Mme. Schumann-Heink's Fricka and Herr Van Rooy's Wotan are too familiar to call for comment.

The Valkyrie choir sang spiritedly and in tune. Mr. Hertz and his orchestra contributed much to the enjoyment of the performance. The effect of careful rehearsing was evident in the clarity of tone, preciseness of shading and the swing with which the director carried his climaxes. Mr. Hertz did no violence to the score in striving for color. His discretion was nobly artistic.

### COUNTLESS LONAY'S DENIAL.

**Reports of Marital Difficulty of Ex-Crown Princess Denounced.**  
LONDON, Jan. 17.—The Times's Vienna correspondent says: "In view of the scepticism still professed by many journals regarding the truth of the denials given to recent rumors of the impending separation of the Countess Lonay and her husband, I am requested to state that the Countess's denials are devoid of any foundation. 'Rumors have already been taken to bring the authors of the reports to justice.'"

## MUNROE, BUTTE MINER, WILL BEGIN MONDAY TO ELEVATE THE STAGE.



He likes thinking parts.

"Mark's, Bill, no violence!"

"Now, cut out the talking."

The hand that smashed Jeff.

## GIRL MINSTRELS KEEP A SECRET.

Will Black Up for Charity and Give a Show for Benefit of Flushing Hospital, but Won't Reveal Names.

### NO OUTSIDERS KNOW THEM.

Who are the girls who are to appear in a minstrel performance for the aid of the Flushing Hospital? Are they society belles or just ordinary charitable young women? Will their identity be revealed after they wash the burnt cork off their faces? Why do they—the girls—wish to keep their names from being made public? The above and similar other questions are puzzling the minds of residents of Flushing, L. I., who have been informed that Jan. 27, at 8 P. M., there is to be a performance in the League Building for the aid of the Flushing Hospital, and that the performers will be young girls who make their homes in the town.

That the spurious hall in the League Building will be filled to overflowing when the performance begins, there is no doubt, but as to the identity of those who will appear in black face acts, not even the trustees of the Flushing Hospital and the charitable girls who are setting up the show know now.

The secret of the girls who will blacken their faces for the sake of sweet charity will leak out prior to the performance a week from next Tuesday evening is probable, for bets are being made by the young men of Flushing to that effect. There is one man in the town who knows about everything that is going on, and he is Jacob Beestam, Vice-President of the New York and Queens County Railroad Company, which operates all the trolley lines in Flushing, but as yet he has failed to learn the names of any of the girls. Mr. Beestam, however, will furnish a special car, as the affair is gotten up for charitable purposes.

Inquiry in many of the leading homes in Flushing failed to establish the identity of any of the girls, and from what little that could be learned it was stated that all are the daughters of wealthy parents, and that they will not reveal their names, either before or after the show, but will permit the friends who will witness the performance to try and penetrate their disguises.

If the girls adhere to their present purpose they will not need the services of a press agent, for the show will be the social event of the season, and although it is useless to apply for the position of press representative for the unknown girls, one bold young man applied to the trustees of the Flushing Hospital for the place, offering his services for nothing. The offer was declined, as the girls do not propose to take any one into their secret.

**Overworked Business Men**  
Find instant strength and permanent benefit in Orange-Fruit Powder.

## FROM THE MINES TO THE STAGE BY WAY OF PRIZING

Jack Munroe, the Butte Miner, Who Stood Before Jeffries for Four Rounds and Knocked Him Down, Becomes an Actor Monday Evening at the New Star.

Jack Munroe, of Butte, an actor by grace of his ability to stand before Jim Jeffries for four rounds without jumping over the ropes, underwent the ordeal of his life to-day—his first rehearsal.

Munroe is to perform at the New Star Theatre next week in a piece called "The Road to Ruin." Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Terry McGovern, Kid Broad and other talented actors have performed in this play and roused the galleries to deliriums of applause. Most of them had some experience before taking up the role of the savior of beauty in distress, but Munroe makes his first appearance on Monday.

This made his rehearsal strenuous. It was a private rehearsal, conducted by an experienced and calloused stage manager. Munroe is about as graceful as a steam roller on the stage. Posting before a camera, he can handle himself without appearing to be handling a ton of coal, but when he has to get right out and face even an empty auditorium as an actor, he is all to the bad.

"What am I going to say?" he asked the stage manager, after his part had been painfully explained to him.

"Say anything you please," roared the stage manager, "but whatever you say, blankety-blank it, say it loud."

### PREFERS A THINKING PART.

"I'm not very loud talker," explained Munroe, deprecatingly. "On the level, I'd rather not say anything at all."

The stage manager explained to him that in this city he MUST say something during the action of the play, or he will not be allowed to spar. What-ever he says will be a surprise. It is a safe bet that he will not pick up his cue.

It is a far cry from obscurity in Butte to the centre of the stage in the New Star Theatre in New York in a New Star Theatre play. Munroe has never seen one of the Theodore Kremer productions. They never get as far west as Butte. "The Road to Ruin" was written solely for the purpose of introducing pugilists to the stage and it has a thrill in every line. It makes little difference whether or not Munroe speaks his lines in a tone audible beyond the footlights. The audience wants to see him and at some point of the play he will be called upon to make a speech.

The prospect of making a speech appals him. When the time comes the managers of the play and the theatre will have to lock the back doors or Munroe will be doing a sprint for downtown.

"I never made a speech in my life," he explained to-day. "I've seen men get up and make speeches in meetings, and it knocked me silly the way they could go about it. If I have to make a speech, I'll go speechless."

"Somebody was telling me a funny story about Terry last night," continued Munroe, noting how quickly he has learned to call McGovern "Terry." "It seems that when Terry first started in to be an actor there was a place in the play where he had to go on the stage. There was a table on the stage and a bottle of whiskey was on the table."

"They told Terry to say 'That's the stuff that sends many a good young fellow to his grave,' or something like that. Terry started out all right, but all he could say was 'that's the stuff.'"

"That reminds me of the first public speech Terry ever made," said another in the party. "It was the day after he had knocked Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe in his fight. Terry attended a fight up in Connecticut and they called on him for a speech. He was as white as a sheet, and his Adam's apple slid up and down in his throat so fast that it almost set his collar on fire."

"Ladies and gents," said Terry—there wasn't a woman with in a mile—"I'm glad I won the championships. I want to tell you that I'm going to defend the championships, and me backer'll back me to the limit."

"Tom Sharkey's speech down at the Old Star was as good," said Charley White. "They were putting on a show and Sharkey was in it. He had just been beaten by Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin and Jeffries. The crowd called for a speech. Tom stepped to the front of the stage and made a bow."

### HOPED AGAINST HOPE.

"I'm glad to see you all here," he said in his Bobby Gaylor voice, "and I hope that by this time next year I'll be the undisputed champion of the world."

"Out out the reminiscence," said the stage manager, "and get busy."

Munroe got busy. He wished he was back in the mines. As an actor he makes more in a day than he could ever make in a month blasting out mountains in Butte, but the Butte work calls him when he gets out on the stage. Nevertheless, there is no reason to doubt that he will not make a hit, for everything he has to do is in the line of effort that appeals to the gallery.

The first act of the play shows the Tenderloin, in front of the old "Tivoli." Mr. Kremer has his principal characters on the spot, and in comes the new pugilist, Jack Munroe. He is a country boy, just arrived in New York, and in this scene he will certainly look the part. Nobody knows him.

As is usual in Kremer plays of the character, the stage is crowded with strong-arm men, lead-pipe swingers, knockout-drop administrators and other wicked characters. They see the country boy and swoop down upon him like a football team. It looks bad for him for a minute, but he is rescued by Izzy Cohen, a country apoc, who is in town to see the sights.

The second act is as uneventful as a Kremer second act can be. It takes all of this act to explain the plot. The villain, Frank Kennedy, is determined to put the hero and the heroine out of the way. In this work he enlists the aid of Izzy Cohen, who is good at heart if he is a sport, and enters into the schemes of the villain with the sole purpose of blocking them.

In pursuance of this design Izzy introduces Jack Munroe to the villain, who invites Jack Morton, the hero, and the heroine to dine with them. He drugs them, carries them out and places them on a railroad track.

Izzy Cohen knows of this, but he is not strong enough to pull the two from the track. In desperation he goes after Jack Morton, who arrives just in time to drag the hero and heroine from in front of an express train.

"Poiled!" hisses the villain.

Strangely enough, they do not arrest the villain, but leave him to do his devilish work to the end of the piece. He learns that Jack Munroe is his enemy and hires a professional prize-fighter to do him up. The fight comes off in the fourth act and gives Jack Munroe his excuse to appear as an actor. Of course he beats the imported prize-fighter half to death and gets the decision amid a whirlwind of applause.

The hero, who has not a cent throughout the play up to the fight, wins a fortune on the result, although the playwright fails to explain where he got the money to bet. In the end the hero marries the heroine and Jack Munroe is hailed as their deliverer.

Any reader of this can put in the dialogue that Jack Munroe is to use in the course of the play, because any reader knows just as much about it as he does.

## COACHMAN WON'T BE DISCHARGED.

Holds the Stable Against His Millionaire Employer Who Vainly Goes to Law to Get Him Out.

### DEMANDS MONTH'S NOTICE.

Millionaire though he is, William R. Akin, a jeweller, of Newark, finds himself powerless to get rid of a coachman who refuses to be discharged. The stubborn Jehu is "Sandy" Gordon, and events prove that he is entitled to his first name.

"Sandy" has been driving the millionaire's horses for four months. He insists he was hired with the understanding that he could not be discharged without a month's notice.

When Mr. Akin saw the coachman fondling gold bullion in the stable on Christmas Day he concluded it might be well for "Sandy" to tear himself away without even waiting to "beed down" the horses.

"The rich may rule, but the poor have rights," said "Sandy," "and I'm going to stay my month out. It's not only me, but my wife, sir, as good and quiet a body as never did no harm to nobody. And as to the bullion, sir, it's a private matter of our own sir."

"What's the trouble, Sandy, dear?" inquired the coachman's wife coming from their quarters in the left, and looking down at her husband and the "Governor."

"Go back and stay there, and don't let no one see you out," ordered "Sandy." "Remember, I'm entitled to my month's notice."

Mrs. Gordon went back to her abode, and there she and "Sandy" remained until to-day, when "Sandy" was dismissed in the Fifth Criminal Court for refusing to be discharged from service.

When Judge Lambert heard the facts in the case he told the millionaire complainant in the case he could do nothing, advising him that the case was a criminal matter, instead of a civil one.

Suggested, however, by way of friendly advice that Mr. Akin throw the coachman and his wife out of the stable.

The millionaire "sized up" "Sandy" and concluded he would rather trust the firing process to a writ of ejectment.

## SEVEN SAVED AS STEAMER SUNK

Nanticoke, Crushed by Ice, Went Down in Newark Bay and Crew Taken Off by Rescuers, Who Risked Their Lives.

(Special to The Evening World.)  
NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 17.—With her beams parted and bows smashed in, the steamer Nanticoke sank in Newark Bay at the mouth of the Passaic River shortly before noon to-day. The vessel was laden with a general cargo of merchandise being conveyed to the Stephens and Condit Transportation and Forwarding Company at Commercial Wharf, this city.

While the steamer was sinking, four men were rescued from the pilot house with difficulty. River men from both shores of the stream who saw the boat going down put out in a small craft, and were considerably delayed by the ice which had accumulated in great floes in that vicinity.

It was the compact formation of the ice that caused the accident and sent the boat to the bottom of the river.

While the men from the shores were struggling almost helplessly to reach the side of the steamer the crew consisting of seven men was scrambling fiercely to reach the pilot house. In doing so two of them fell into the water, but by that time two of the rescuers had left their boat and to the risk of their own lives walked across the swirling masses of ice and succeeded in getting to the two men in the water.

With great difficulty the rescuers pulled them out and retraced their steps on the ice floes, and after placing them almost exhausted in the small boat, another effort was made to reach the sinking vessel, but the ice had parted and it was impossible to reach it.

## IN THE VAUDEVILLE HOUSES NEXT WEEK.

Capt. Woodward's trained seals, May Duryea and John Kearney in "The Imposter" and Billy Gould, vocalist, will be features of the Keith bill.

Kelly and Violet, dancers; Lee and Kingston, English comedy grotesques; Irene Franklin and James Richmond Glenroy will be among the entertainers at Pastor's.

Proctor's theatres: "Lend Me Your Wife," the play in which Roland Reed was so successful, will be produced at the Fifth Avenue. Capt. Webb's performing seals and sea lions will be at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. "Around the World in Eighty Days" will be the play at the Harlem Theatre.

Laura Higger, recently acquitted of conspiracy in the Bennett will case, will appear for the first time since in a sketch entitled "A Thief in the Night" at the Fifty-eighth street house. The Russell Brothers will head the bill at the Newark house.

Lillian Burkhardt and company in a new sketch, "Lew Bloom, the funny tramp," and the great Powell, musician, will figure in an excellent bill at Hurler & Seamon's.

De Kolts, the wizard, will introduce new illusions at the Eden Musee. Zip, or What is it? will be the principal attraction at Huber's.

**ESTABLISHED ATTRACTIONS.**  
Runs at leading theatres will be continued by "The Unforeseen," Emptire; "The Girl with the Green Eyes," Savoy; Julia Marlowe in "The Cavalier," Criterion; Elizabeth Tyree in "Gretchen Green," Madison Square; Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods," Belasco; Theatre; "The Bird in the Cage," Bijou; Viola Allen in "The Eternal City," Victoria; "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," New York; "The Silver Slipper," Broadway; "A Chinese Honeymoon," Casino; "The Billionaire," Daily; "Twirly-Whirly" and "The Stickiness of Gelatine," Weber & Fields; Mrs. Fiske in "Story of Mabel," Manhattan; "The Sultan of Sulu," Wallack's; "Jim Burdick," Fourteenth Street Theatre; "The Ninety and Nine," Academy of Music.

**SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.**  
Mme. Sembrich will make her first appearance at the Sunday night Metropolitan concert to-morrow evening and will be heard in several favorite songs. Others who will participate are Mrs. Danl, Miss Carrie Bridwell and Mr. Scott.

The customary Sunday night vaudeville concerts will be given at other theatres.

Other theatrical news and gossip will be found on page 9 of this edition.

### BOTTLE BURST IN POCKET.

Full of Gasoline, It Set Boy on Fire and He Was Killed.

Henry Lavery, seven years old, of No. 7 Tuers avenue, Jersey City, was fatally injured to-day by the explosion of a bottle of gasoline which he was carrying in his pocket. The boy went into the grocery of Kanon Brothers, Bergen and Storm avenues, to make a purchase. He already had the gasoline. He stood by the self-served stove, waiting for his order to be filled and his jacket caught fire. Before he could put out the blaze the stove exploded. His right side was frightfully torn and the clerks practically threw him into the street, a mass of flames.

Several policemen covered him with blankets torn from a team of horses and put out the fire. He was taken to the City Hospital in a dying condition. The store did not catch fire.

**Sunday World Wants**  
Work Monday Morning Wonders.

# \$3000 FORFEIT

The above will cheerfully be paid in lawful money of the United States, by the undersigned, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if they cannot show the original testimonials and signatures of the individuals volunteering those published below, and also of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing attesting the superior curative properties of their several medicines, and thus proving the genuineness and reliability of all the multitude of testimonials furnished by grateful people in their behalf.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Prop's, Buffalo, N.Y.

**THE REASON.**—There is no medicine equal to Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the purifying of the blood. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands and gives the body an in-born supply of pure, body-building food. It builds up the body with sound, healthy flesh instead of flabby fat, promotes the appetite, feeds the nerves, and so gives to weak nervous people vitality and vigor.

Many people wonder how a medicine that cures indigestion can also cure blood diseases. The reason is that pimples, sores and all skin diseases are the direct result of impure blood. If we can find some way to purify the blood and eradicate the poison, we can cure the disorder which shows on the skin. The "Discovery" helps the assimilation of food in the stomach—thus the blood takes up from the stomach what it requires to make good rich blood, thereby increasing the red blood-corpuscles. At the same time the liver is forced into activity and the poisons in the body are thrown out.

"I am pleased to tell you that three bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have cured my husband of liver complaint and indigestion," writes Mrs. G. Hall, of Novar, Ontario. "He suffered for a long time with pain in his right side and had to leave off work several times. Tried three doctors here, but did not do any good; also tried several kinds of patent medicines but received no benefit. Then I wrote to you and you advised us to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' We got a bottle at once and before my husband had taken all of this one bottle he was feeling ever so much better and able to work again. He continued with the 'Discovery,' until he had taken three bottles and is now feeling better than for years. We both thank you, and if you think by publishing this that it will benefit other sufferers, you are at liberty to do so. We have got several friends to try it."

**To gain knowledge of your own body—in sickness and health—send for the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A book of 1008 pages. Send 21 cents in stamps for paper covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.**

## RICH WIDOW IN LOVE ROMANCE.

Mrs. Rufus W. Blake, Whose Husband Died of Pistol Wound, to Marry Ardent Suit-or of Her Girlhood.

### TO BE MRS. PAUL SCHABERT.

Her Fiance Is a Wealthy Exporter of Hamburg, Who Came Here to Press His Suit—Wedding Will Be a Quiet Affair.

Mrs. Rufus W. Blake, the widow of the millionaire piano manufacturer of Derby, Conn., is soon to be married to Paul Schabert, a wealthy exporter and a member of a prominent family in Hamburg, Germany. She will not abandon her American home, but will spend half of each year at her residence in Derby.

The wedding will take place at the Hotel Manhattan and will be a quiet affair, only the relatives of the bride to be present. It is the ending of a romance that began when the bride-to-be was studying in Hamburg ten years ago.

Although only a girl of sixteen, the daughter of Richard Mock, a restaurateur in West Forty-second street, she received the ardent attention of the German suitor. But in girlish fashion she returned to New York to make new friends and forget Herr Schabert.

Her marriage to Mr. Blake, a millionaire, caused a sensation, for she was more than sixty years old, while he was little more than twenty. In the fall of 1901 he was shot through the head by a revolver in his own hands. The shooting was declared to be accidental. Mr. Blake had been suffering from melancholia for some time before his death.

Last summer Mrs. Blake went to Europe and again met Herr Schabert. His attentions were renewed and he soon followed her to America. For several months he has been stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the announcement of the wedding day is the result of his persistence.

His family is one of the most prominent in Hamburg and he is a man of wealth. He is engaged in exporting to China, Japan and other Eastern countries. After the wedding he will take his bride to Palm Beach, Fla., and then to Hamburg and to China and Japan.

Mrs. Blake's fortune is estimated at almost \$3,000,000, for her husband left her his entire estate. She will not dispose of her holdings in the two piano factories in Derby, but will live there a part of each year.

She is an enthusiastic autoist and owns next to the largest machine in America. She often makes the trip from Derby to New York in her auto and delights in motoring at a wild pace. Her chauffeur, who is now in New York for speeding only a few weeks ago.

The announcement of her engagement in Derby caused general surprise, as it had been constantly rumored that she would marry Dr. Royal W. Pliny.

**Sunday World Wants**  
Work Monday Morning Wonders.

## The Evening World's Greatest Six Months.

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BEATEN.

This is the comparison of advertising for the last six months of each of the past 16 years, showing that the last half of 1932 beat all previous records and exceeded the corresponding six months of 1931 by 739 cols.

YEAR.	NO. OF COLS. OF ADVERTISING.	YEAR.	NO. OF COLS. OF ADVERTISING.
1887 (6 months only)	426%	1895	2,801%
1888	1,116%	1896	2,370%
1889	1,413%	1897	2,953%
1890	1,334%	1898	2,867%
1891	1,361%	1899	3,321%
1892	2,050%	1900	3,604%
1893	2,717%	1901	3,132%
1894	2,388%	1902	3,871%

Above figures are for the Evening Edition of The World alone.